

New Brunswick direction turned into DeRussey's Lane. By the light of that automobile Gibson saw two figures--a man and a woman. The man appeared like a negro standing in DeRussey's Lane at the side of the road. The automobile backed out and returned toward New Brunswick. Gibson still riding her mule went on into Easton Avenue, turned toward New Brunswick fifteen or twenty feet, saw nothing of the wagon, stopped a minute or two to deliberate, decided that perhaps the wagon had turned into Canal Road leading towards Landing Avenue bridge; Gibson then decided to go home and turned back into DeRussey's Lane and, when in DeRussey's Lane not quite as far as the drive that leads from the Lane towards the crab apple tree, she saw a flash and heard shots and heard someone say "Oh, Henry." The shots were fired near a tall cedar tree which gave her the location and that afterwards was cut down. Without getting off her mule Gibson went on towards home and, as she got near the end of the journey but still on mule-back, discovered that she had lost a moccasin. She continued her journey and went home. About one o'clock she decided she would return to the scene to find out what had happened and to see if she could find her moccasin. She then mounted her mule and rode back to DeRussey's Lane. As she got near the spot, she got off the mule, led the mule up the bank into the Phillips farm land, going past the spot where the shots had been fired and tied the mule to a ^{small} tall cedar sapling near a small stump. She said she had stumbled over the stump. Then she went on around the end of the bushes through the strawberry patch into the other drive; approaching the spot where the shots had been fired she crawled on her hands and knees. It was then moonlight and by the light of the moon she saw a woman kneeling and crying--the same woman she had seen in the road. Gibson thought she was crying because she had been abused by the negro. Gibson said nothing to the woman, went back, got